

# ONCE UPON A TIME IN NORTHERN ENGLAND

A FATHER AND SON ON WAINWRIGHT'S TRAIL (or near enough, anyway)



GARTH POORMAN



## INTRODUCTION

It's now been eight years since my dad and I walked from St. Bees along the Irish Sea to Robin Hood's Bay on the North Sea, some 190 miles to the east of where we started. The walk only took three weeks, but it has an over-sized significance for me in my memory, mostly owing to the fact that it was our last big father and son adventure before his death in September 2018, a little over two years after our coast to coast walk.

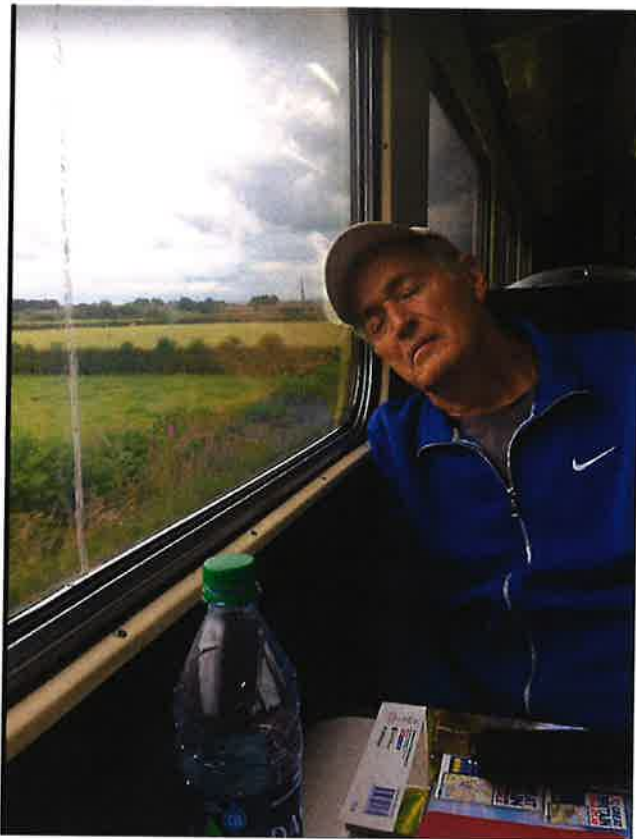
This book isn't really a book at all. It's a collection of photos and my journal entries from the trip alongside notes and reflections I've made eight years later (blue pen to differentiate them from my contemporaneous journaling in pencil). One of the lessons I've taken from being a journalist is that life experienced in the present (with all the attendant uncertainty about the near future) is very different from how we experience our life from the vantage point of memory and the attendant nostalgia that often accompanies it.

Each July since our trip I've relived the walk in memory and in pictures — and recently even with the technological wonders of Google Earth which allows me to zoom over the Lake District peaks and the Dales and Moors of North Yorkshire and view our path as if I was a bird. But life can never be fully re-lived. In hindsight, knowing how things turned out, the uncertainty we live with in each present moment gets molded into story lines that accentuate all we want to remember and conveniently forget or minimize the annoyances — both large & small — we felt in the moment.

The pencil journals were written in real time (at latest the day after) so I trust those most. Everything in pen, take with an eight-year grain of salt. I've lost my dad, but I'll always have these days walking together across England to hold onto, so I want to savor each detail that I can get my arms around. This is an effort to do just that



**JULY 12**  
2016



Oh, blessed mother, and the father I adore  
There is time upon your faces  
I will cherish you 'til you leave me for  
Your eternal holy places.

— Hold Me Dear, Secret Sisters

Transit days are always a bit fragmented, weird & exhilarating (and tiring) in equal measure. I would have been thrilled to have the transatlantic flight behind me and all that walking ahead. Dad and I loved trains, so the journey from Manchester to Carlisle (on the fancier train) and then onto St. Bees (on the 'local') was a breeze and cause for one of us to take a young doss (left.)

This was to be the start of our second (& final) father-

son trip to England — the first being in August 2003. Dad had been <sup>58</sup> then, me on the cusp of 30. Now he was 71 and I was 43, neither young whippersnappers but hopefully wiser for the lines on our faces. This entire trip (other than our rest week in Kendal with mom & Paul and Susan's family) was financed by Julie as a thank you for my care-giving of John, who had died the previous Easter. His death was a reminder that life can be shorter than we expect. So seize the day. Do something with the ones you love that will create lasting memories.

\* "Attention, taken to its highest degree, is the same thing as prayer"

Yesterday, I found \$40 on the sidewalk & still at it!

can never go wrong with a Snickers while traveling

Love me some British rail

I write this in different ways all through my journals but it never gets easy

I love when I sketch in journals, even when the sketches aren't very good.

Manchester Train Station

Relax @ Radisson

MAN-Carlisle (found a penny)

Sitting next to a couple with a cute 15mo baby with blonde hair that looks a lot like me at that age I think. Wearing a Batman shirt, so amazed by life, playing with a plastic dot cake bottle.

Carlisle Station transfer to Local Train

Snickers Bar

S → Black bird w/ broad white stripes on wings

FAO SCHER

Takeaway pies from St. Bees shop

Harry Kane looks on local train.

Tuesday, July 12



3 TINGS

Manchester, UK — St. Bees!

Be present (notice little things)\*

3/Don't Rush (slow down)

3/Enjoy the companionship

To beach, along shoreline, up bluff looking out at Irish Sea — down thru golf course back into town.

Too early 7pm

Awake middle of night Dad SAWING LOGS.

& so it began — the biggest annoyance of my trip

meal times were the best — breaking bread together & discussing/laughing abt shared life

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DAD NAPPING @ RITAZZA & ON CARLISLE-ST BEES TRAIN

Takeaway pier rock But were they pier, party, or rolls?

7/12/24



JULY 13  
2016



"Half a mile down, 189.5 to go"

This was our first walking day — half a day, really — but it was the perfect introduction to what we'd be experiencing. Plus, the sea side views from the cliffs of South Head were awe inspiring. The path wasn't crowded in the least. Most times, we felt like we had this raw, primal world of water and wind and earth (and lots of sheep!) to ourselves. A hat tip to the proprietor of Stonehouse Farm for the tip of breaking what would have been a long first day's walk into two.

1 We passed so many sheep on our Coast-to-Coast walk — far more than other humans. Fitting in a way as my Uncle John, for whom this trip was in memory of, was an owner of sheep w/ his wife Bobby before they died and he painted them beautifully.

2 I've loved birds since I was a boy. The following day I'd see a dead seagull in the grass near the graves surrounding St. Leonard's church in Cleator Moor, and then, about an hour later, a sheep dying alone on a hillside. A reminder that life & death are co-existent and create a necessary cycle in which we must inhabit. (that didn't come out as profoundly as I hoped)

As with most beginnings, this might have been one of the days we were most Present, the least rushed, and the most observant of the thousands of small things that surrounded us as we walked.

Always a bit odd to have  
a shower on a different floor

Yw 7am Bit of a restless night around lam, but back to a deep sleep until 7am.

Wednesday, July 13

Shower downstairs

Breakfast @ 8am

OT/Cereal/Banana

Irish sausage/Eggs/Toast

(Black current & Strawberry Jam)

Lunch: Takeaway pies

Up South Head - Fenswick Bay - North Head - Sanwith - Railway line

Back thru fields to School.

Freeform monomers: the wind, the many, many sheep<sup>1</sup>, the wildflowers of many colors<sup>2</sup>, birds perched on the cliff, red footpaths up steep climbs, the effortless soaring of birds<sup>2</sup>, birds perched on the side of the cliff; huge steers having the world to ourselves; it might have looked like this a 1,000 years ago; the sunken lane to Sandwith with vegetation high above us; mix of sun and clouds - endless variety; duck bawling up the rear; nammy smells - honeysuckle, fern, guano; A day is a day, sun up, sun down, what does it matter what time it is

Manor House Dinner

Talk of Condy, then 50th Anniversary

Anna, Vic & David

8:30 pm Quality of Light stroll to the Beach & back

Their 50<sup>th</sup> was in 11 months, June 2017, and this is when I first floated the idea of a party, thinking Dad would help me warm Mom to the idea.

We did have one for ~40 people at Ardmore Church, and it worked like a charm. & this night was its Genesis.

7/18/24



2016  
JULY 14



Gazing back to the Irish Sea from whence we have just trod.

This was our first full day of walking — we left St. Bees at 8:30am & arrived in Ennerdale Bridge at 2:30pm. In many ways, a perfect day: amazing weather, the right mix of hill and dale and valley stream, and a beautiful lookout from the top of Dent Hill. Beginnings are beautiful & to be appreciated, even if you know a challenge or two is headed your way.

2/ July 14<sup>th</sup>, 2024 — This year's European Final (which is held every 4 yrs) took place today & for the second straight time England (not the UK) was in the final. In 2021 (pushed back due to COVID) they lost to Italy on penalties. Tiff, Taylor & I watched it at Tyrone's house. This time, I watched them take on Spain, alone on the couch, cheering my heart out. Alas, it wasn't enough. They went down a goal, then equalized (Cole Palmer!) only to give up the winner five minutes from the 2nd half whistle. 'Turn it off!' I thought, & I did. Hello, disappointment my old friend...

I don't know why, but I still think of this cricket pitch (& another in Ingleby Cross) quite often in my mind's eye.

1/ What were the chances of seeing two creatures both on the edge of death, but still clinging to life, in the space of 1 hour. I've always remembered the sheep, but forgot the more humble seagull.

Yw 5am 6:00 AM Thursday, July 14 Varnos a Ennerdale Bridge  
Read Wfr downstairs. Walk South thru St. Bees and then up path along golf course, among the thinnings of cliffside vegetation listening to Rog & Davo talk about how crap the Euro Final was.  
Breakfast @ 7:30  
Leave @ 8:30  
Back to town tracks — thru field to elevated old rail tracks into Moor Row — stop for pasties for lunch — thru town (northern to sit) into back fields and past cricket pitch to church [Me] dying seagull in garden, look in its eyes rest — into Cleator Moor and up in Pine Plantation up, up, muddy — out into the open along stone fence [Me] in forest, dying lamb w/ face ate away  
Dvorak in 9 as I summit DENT HILL [Views of Irish sea & all we've just walked] up and over — down Raton Cragg STEEP to the Beck running along Vallar — lunch by babbling Brook — the gorgeous walk up to road then into Ennerdale village

I went out to walk to the Lake's edge where Bill Clinton first proposed to Hillary in 1973 (she said 'no')

arrived ~2:30pm. A perfect time to arrive. Dad took a nap.

7/14/24

I saw the NYC Philharmonic perform Dvorak's 'Symphony For A New World' with dad and Claire in 2008. Then it became my go-to music when I walked around Barkley's Pond in West Hebron. It will make other appearances in these pages in years to come, but I still find it one of the most moving symphonic pieces to listen to while walking to accentuate the natural beauty around me.



# JULY 15

2016



Ennerdale Water not being particularly hospitable

Amazing that 8 years later I have almost zero memory of this terrorist attack (which killed 86!) nor that it was contemporaneous with our most frustrating day of walking

Yw 6:30

Friday, July 15

BBC News - Nice Terror  
This is so self-indulgent to say, but it was a bad omen.

WINDY • WET  
TREACHEROUS



Start

Ennerdale rocky steps, water wet ferns, black sheep, slow going - 2 hrs to rest at River Liza crossing.

The Reason We set out once at 1:30 and Dad was immediately uncomfortable and asked to go back. Then again at 2 and this time I sensed the

THEN... "Tediuous walk on forestry path with rain and wind blowing in our face. Rain NEVER let up. Got to Black Sail around 4pm and ... stayed there 'til 4:40pm

2nd half of the walk ↑ and ↓ would be too stressful and too long at his pace. So I made an Executive Decision to stay on @ Black Sail & try to hitch ride to Ennerdale and taxi to Rosthwaite. ENTER 1 douchey YHA employee and 1 nice one. Long story short, but 80 Quid got us to Royal Oak at 7, just in time for dinner w/ Kurt, Carla, James & Melissa. PHEW!

Duh!

forgot to leave @ Shepherd's Arms (continually stressful day) Tabasco! All is well that ends well - & watch out 4 wet & windy!

I didn't learn my lesson and repeated this gaffe later in the trip.

When I wrote this, for all I knew and for the reputation of the area, we might have a few more of these in store. Turns out, we didn't. We had remarkably nice weather most days & never one as close to as bad as this.

It's decidedly not fun to walk in the wind and rain. A bad combination all the way around. The best way to describe it is that we endured this day, cut our losses at the Black Sail hostel and arrived in Rosthwaite a little humbler for the experience but our spirits ~~ab~~ unbowed. Thankfully, the next day the Walking Gods gave us beautiful weather to help us forget 'Black Sail'. I fantasize about returning to Ennerdale someday and completing this full route - maybe taking the high ridge route along High Stile & Haystacks peaks (Wamwright's aches were sprinkled along Innominate Tarn on this route). If I do, I'd be walking with Dad in spirit which, in a way, I always do. He'd be happy to see me make it to Rosthwaite, tired ~~by~~ but unbroken ... for the both of us.

2a/ On July 13, 2024, two days shy of the 8th anniversary of prematurely counting Trump out, a 20yr old in PA tried to assassinate him at a campaign rally, narrowly missing the former president & killing a bystander instead.

1/ I seem to remember that the 'douchey' employee at first refused my request to drive back toward Ennerdale with them to find a phone. After some heightened words, I think I convinced the other one to let us come with.

Anyway, between 1:30-4:30pm on this Friday afternoon was the most stressful of the trip. But I definitely made the right decision looking back to not push Dad to climb the Fell in the wind & rain that afternoon. We were in England to enjoy the walk, not to be sticklers about walking every step without assistance.

2/ I remember this dinner particularly because these people were Europeans & during the meal talk turned to American politics. They were concerned by the Rise of Trump, but dad & I confidently (and incorrectly as it turns out) told them not to worry - Donny didn't have a chance of beating Hillary in November. Wrong again. (see 2A above)

7/15/24



JULY 16  
2016



Walking the Fells between Rothwaite & Grasmere  
... this view wouldn't have been any different 1,000 yrs ago.

♪  
'I wish you rainy days, so you can know the beauty of a clear blue sky'

—Heather Headley, "I Wish"

We appreciated the near-perfect walking weather so much more for the ordeal of the day before. It's all relative, as Einstein never said. But truly, this was a lovely day but also our first true ascent. At the steepest sections, Dad would count out 75 or 100 steps and then pause to catch his breath & then turn around and admire the view. Not a bad way to do it if you have the time

Yv 7:30ish (1 sleep heavier in the early mornings) Saturday, July 16  
Breakfast w/ Staukerts & Whites 75 steps 1 Living Crag 53 steps  
Mont Blanc Switzerland (Rm) Dad taking it slow & steady along stream and waterfalls headed up to Living Crag  
Boggy at top → Beautiful, At weather day — sun & clouds, not too Greenup Edge when we had lunch, fresh with accomplishment @ 1pm. Then, the long Afternoon Slog ... it's always a slog, down into the valley along rock strewn paths. About a 2-hr descent into Easedale + the Trundle's Knot. Quirky place this 2 — oddball, somewhat stand offish manager, two waitressed (one in black tights) WW4 but a transcendent CUMBRIAN STICKY TOFFEE PUDD. → Grasmere @ 6pm At least this place has wifi (car RIGHT outside, Simmons/Dad/Wesley Morris broken remote)

2024: The weather has been scorchingly hot here the past month & I am yearning for the temperate conditions we had 8 years ago. My Kingdom for a day in the high 60s! The high in Northern England today is 70°. Here in Philly it will be 96°. I walk roughly 3hr/day on weekdays to & from work, so Calgon ... take me the F away!

where we stopped for lunch, high among the Fells, was particularly relaxing. Nany another human in sight

→ THE most delicious thing dad & I tasted the entire trip. And we ate well throughout. It took us by surprise, which always heightens the experience.

✓ I experienced this quite acutely on my '09 walk to New Orleans. Morning walks, flush with energy & eager eyes > Afternoon walks, when my mind is like "can't I just get there already?"

3/Very English phrasing. I've been a bit of an Anglophile for a while now. At least since discovering the British "Office" & then working with Brits at Geneva Global. "What's the banter, lads?"

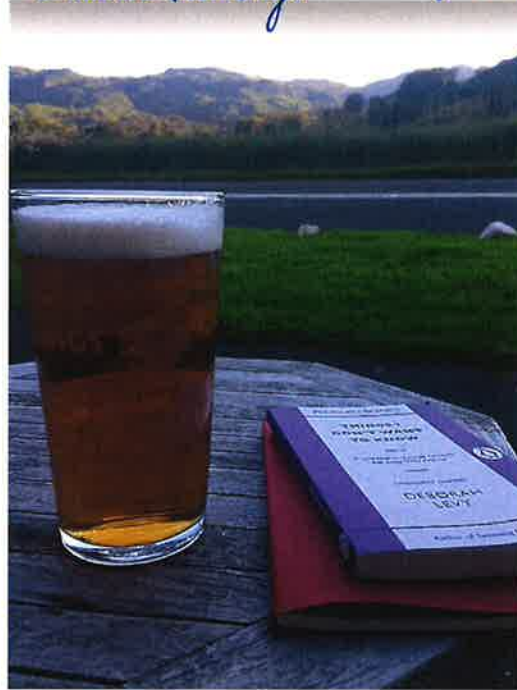
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# JULY 17

2016  
Grasmere Rest Day

↪ A Cumberland Ale & a bit of dusk reading outside The Travellers Rest in Grasmere



This Sunday was one of two 'rest' days I scheduled within the walk (not counting the rest week we had in Kendal to visit family). These were for Dad's benefit obviously but they worked out well and by the following morning we were raring to get on the trail again. There is something deeply satisfying about doing something as simple as walking from point A to point B over beautiful, rugged landscape in the course of one day.

"A dreaded sunny day  
So I meet you at the cemetery  
gates  
Keats and Yates are on your  
side  
While Wilde is on mine..."  
-The Smiths  
"Cemetery Gates"

(replace Keats & Yates with Wordsworth & Coleridge and this works perfectly for our Sunday in Grasmere.)

To this day, 8yrs later, no music is as evocative of this trip for me as Brickman's Greatest Hits which I would listen to on headphones while Dad woke up the dead w/ his snoring

This is almost too perfect, these snippets on the same line. Dad went to church & I stayed in the hotel room and had phone vex with Rence via a call on the Viber App. I'm sure I was reaching the end of my stick, no pun intended, after not had any alone time for about a week. Looks like I also watched NSFV Tumblr videos. Seems about par for the course.

We did skip the hard climbing on Tuesday & it was the right decision (some day I'll go back & do that section myself)

Can't believe I didn't choose a cider ... that was my go-to pub order in most small villages at the end of a day of walking.

[Yel] 7:30ish. Refresh and in Grasmere (to wind down) Jim Buckhouse

Traditional Cumbrian Breakfast (titan)

Stroll up town and back - buy envelopes and St. ...

Dad → and I briefly of Rence.

also [E] vids. Moat Dad in Cemetery @ 12:15 → P.O. → Wordsworth tour & Museum

late 1700s / early 1800s: His and her bureau

- Pre Industrial revolution

- Home society, more closely class stratified

- American Revolution was political (who governs) not social (who has a say without that society)

- everything took so much effort

Stayed in Grasmere and \$ "Things I Want to Know" by Deborah Levy

[Hm] Should we skip Tues

cray-cray walk to Bampton (Grange) (I hear you will stop and walk on it)

Cumberland Ale by the Roadway as the stars sets.

Sunday, July 17 "The pencil nub gets deiller"

Highlight of Day:

- Dove Cottage Tour by 20-something literature historian.

WW lived there 1799-1808 in honor of Wordsworth

giggles

The mystery of why he didn't marry the French mother of his child. Words vs Actions

View from Wooden Bench at top of his garden of the lake, hill behind it.

"Confessions of an Opium Addict" by R. Southey

BBC Radio British Open

Stenson signs Phil to win @ 18

"What happens is happening it feels as if nothing else happens only in the present tense."

"I phoned him every evening ... holding on tight to the fistful of twenty 100 pence coins that connected us to each other's voice ... believing that love, Great Love, was the only season I would ever live in."

→ Dove Cottage is visited by Steve Coogan & Rob Brydon in "The Trip" - the only specific place where my & Dad's travels in the north intersect with theirs .. though there are a couple other close calls: Pateley Bridge & Windermere

1. My friend Rick recommended The Smiths "Cemetery Gates" to me sometime after 2016, but I'm realizing now how perfect a song it is ... for a memory of meeting my dad at the gates of an ancient English church cemetery.

→ Grasmere is 100 miles as the crow flies from Royal Troon GC on the West Coast of Scotland where this was played. As it happens, Troon is hosting again this year. The tourney starts Thurs. (July 18th). Henrik & Phil will be there, but neither of them will win.

Xander Schauffele  
(winner of 2024 British Open  
2x major champion in 2024  
Name also ends in S 7/17/24

2. It is impossible to freeze time or a feeling ... or anything. All is always change, flux, evolution.

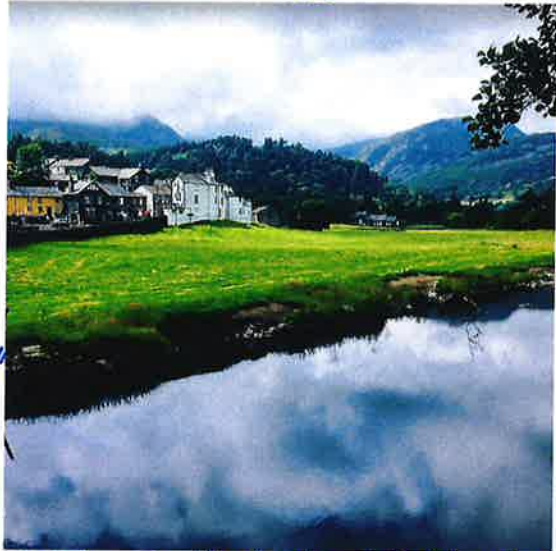


"This is the story of how we  
begin to remember  
This is the powerful pulsing of  
love in the vein  
After the dream of falling and  
calling your name out  
These are the roots of my rhythm  
And the roots of rhythm remain."

- Paul Simon  
"Under African Skies"

**JULY 18**  
2016

Grasmere to Patterdale



Back view of White Lion Inn, Patterdale, where Dad & I held our Paul Simon song draft.

When Dad & I were in England, I felt blissfully removed from my 'American' life & routine. I'd like to say I detached from the endless news cycle delivered by my iPhone, but I didn't — as this afternoon attests. From 9:30am - 2:45pm I lived the simple life of a rambler, over hill and dale to the next civilized dot on the map. But after showering at the Crookabeck B&B I sat outside, pet their beautiful border collie, and read a long story in the New Yorker about Trump through the eyes of his one-time ghost writer, Tony Schwarz. Luckily, I salvaged some beauty by switching from politics to music by the time we went to dinner, as evidenced by our wonderful Paul Simon draft.

Politics divide  
Music unites  
(but life includes both)

1. I knew that this pace we would have a hard time completing Tuesday's long up & down grind, which solidified my thinking to take a boat across the lake the following day & chart our own course.

[Yw] 7:30 for 8:15 Br. Monday, July 18 Grasmere via Grisdale Tarn to Patterdale.  
Left 9:30 w/ [Yw] & [Ph] overhanging the Grasmere Valley. The guide book's estimate of 1h 15m to the Summit near Grisdale Tarn turned into at least 2hr w/ Dad. 50 steep minutes.<sup>1</sup> No worries, we couldn't see much anyway after an hour. Clouds everywhere. Lots of people on trail in both directions. Mom & Dad @ Summit. Orange @ locked hut with the Valley starting to appear under the clouds [Ph]. The walk down into the valley once we left the clouds was easier than 2 days ago. Went down on level ground past pine plantation & farm by 2pm for lunch with Dad laid out on grass. Final 30m quibble around hill — was money balls. Crookabeck B&B is hands down my fav resting place so far. Hugs! AF

visibility at the summit near Grisdale Tarn was zilch.

There is a great photo of this

I can't emphasize enough how much I loved this B&B — along with our places in Keld & Richmond it was definitely top 3.

my brainstorming of → my draft board pre-draft Dad only "stole" my #4. I can't believe now that Graceland fell out of both of our top 5's.

- Paul Simon Draft: [Rd] Jane Mayer on Trump's ghost writer from 8/7 ✓
1. Still Crazy 1975
  2. American Tune 1978
  3. Hearts & Bones 1983
  4. Train in the Distance 1983
  5. Slip Slidin' Away 1987
  6. Under African Skies 1988
  7. Gone at Last 1990
  8. Graceland 1986
  9. 1985
  10. 1982

- |                                      |                               |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Gentle.                              | Dad                           |
| 1. Still Crazy After All These Years | 1. Under African Skies        |
| 2. American Tune                     | 2. Train in the Distance      |
| 3. Slip Slidin' Away                 | 3. Obvious Child              |
| 4. Boxer                             | 4. Something So Right         |
| 5. The Maxine                        | 5. Bridge Over Troubled Water |

← Dad had first pick & selected Under African Skies with his #1 overall. Go to Soundcloud, search "Sturgis Poorman" and listen to track 4, (Southam Africa) to hear him talk about it.

A poem that has stayed with me described the late afternoon light as "honey-strained" & I think that's as perfect as language can get to describe the real world.

[Te] The quality of the evening light on Everything on the walk back from the White Lion to the Crookabeck - the Fells, the Lake, the stone buildings, the fields of HAY.

\*all 10 of these were released before Paul turned 50. (1991)

→ I'd love one of my friends to play the instrumental version on a piano at my memorial, with photos of my life playing in the background.

7/18/24



This was our final day in the Lake District and I made the executive decision

**JULY 19**  
2016

Patterdale to Bampton Grange via Ullswater



Dad in his element as a 71-year-old Lake District tourist (aka "The Mountains win Again")

The small villages of Bampton Grange & Orton, which hosted us on Tuesday & Wednesday nights, exist in the place in between the Lake District & the Yorkshire Dales Parks as properly defined. As such, they join Richmond, Danby Wiske and (just barely) Ingleby Cross as villages not in the park area proper. It's all arbitrary though.

**LAKES  
DALES  
MOORS**

2024: The past is prologue, bc I woke up today to jokes on Twitter of how long & rambling Trump's acceptance speech was last night at the RNC.

see above (pic)

This day was spent wholly off the traditional coast-to-coast path. The long and steep stretch that would have awaited us was <sup>skipped</sup> in the interest of dad's mental & physical health. Instead, the day turned out to be a perfect combo of lake viewing and easy walk as befits a 71 year old.

[YW] 7:30am Woke up to Twitter jokes galore about Melania Speech @RNC "That's what she said"

Memories: Old people on boat, beautiful white dog, 20p toilet, off-roading in my own way, grassy walking surfaces, Middle Eastern family picnicking w/ bikes, lunch at bridge w/ Dad making noses with piece of grass. Draft Phillips from 70s/80s.

1/ Carlton, Steve Schmidt  
2/ Pete Rose "Banned"  
3/ Gary Matthews "Sarge"  
4/ Lusenski "The Bull"  
5/ Samuel, Juan  
6/ Von Hayes  
7/ Kruk, 331 in 1987  
8/ Bowa?

"Lefty"

Here's the 0-2 pitch to Juan Samuel, swing & a miss, struck him out - Harry Kalas (thousands of times)

Garth Team:  
1/ Steve Carlton  
2/ Juan Samuel  
3/ John Kruk  
4/ Guy Lusenski  
5/ Van Hayes  
Dad:  
1/ Mike Schmidt  
2/ Pete Rose  
3/ Larry Bowa  
4/ Gary Maddox  
5/ Tug McGraw

Glad I gave him the three hole, but today I'd move him up to my #2

Tuesday, July 19 Patterdale via Ullswater to Bampton Grange  
to Patterdale Stn (Sharpener, Cards, Land)  
then to Glenridding Dock, Steamer - Risky Endeavour  
hot sun - then walk up hill w/ gorgeous views back down to water, over the plateau and down to farm road into Bampton. Pause @ delightful garden then 8 minutes to Crown and Mitre across from rustic old St. Patrick's church.

Bull w/ big old balls, chap sitting next to us @ Bampton Green telling about the area, meeting a Gareth (and a Barbara) from Wales, that little church like structure just across the field btw Bampton & Bampton Grange. Sitting against church.

JAN E Crown & Mitre (>10 years) w/ smells of mold, OH - Morning chat over breakfast w/ Germans (she from NJ) about politics & refugees and such. Absolutely refreshing STRONGBOWN while journeying.

Weird that we limited to '70s & '80s. If we'd have included the '50s & '60s those would have been 4/5th of Dad's picks likely.

a no-brainer pick, though if the Phils win a WS in the next five years & he stays healthy, Bryce Harper could steal this spot.

Honorable Mention (since not a player): Harry Kalas

\* Without knowing it, this is where we would have passed Rory Stewart's "Cumbrian cottage" that he rented while representing this district in Parliament from 2010-2019... just 1/2 mile off the road into Bampton.

I ♥ an old church with a graveyard - just LOVE IT! won the "most refreshing cider to drink after a days ramble" award of the trip.

1 Also the name of a) the all-time great character from the BBC sitcom "The Office" & b) the best Welsh soccer player of this generation, Gareth Bale. This walking Gareth would prove to be not so adept at trail following.

7/19/24



"We tramped the open moorland  
in the rainy April weather  
And came upon a little inn that we  
had found together  
The landlord gave us toast and tea  
and stopped to share a joke  
And I remember firelight  
I remember firelight  
I remember firelight  
And you remember smoke"

— Molly Drake  
"I Remember"

Shortly after we got back to the US,  
I quizzed Dad on his memories of  
each village we had stayed in. He  
did a decent job except  
for Orton, where we arrived  
on this afternoon at 5pm  
after one of our warmest  
walks. He couldn't picture  
the village or the B&B we  
stayed in. Both are ~~it~~ still  
clear in my consciousness 8  
years on. Dad's consciousness  
has long been wiped clean by  
death in 2018. Someday mine  
won't exist either, but this  
recovered page might, somewhere  
on the internet, and you'll be  
able to look up Orton, read  
these journal scribbles, &  
know a little of what we  
experienced that one fine day  
in 2016.

7/20/24

JULY 20<sup>2016</sup>

Bampton Grange to Orton



"Footprint Too vast & desolate for my  
taste, thanks" — Sturge

[Yw] bam glancing out Wednesday, July 20 "The Desolate Cumberland  
side @ the weather red & blackcurrants Plateau" OR  
Probably best breakfast (Eggs very slowly cooked) "Garth the Melcomologist"  
Good ☺ Decided to wait out the rain bands on RADAR  
Set in room til 10am (You're the One<sup>2</sup>) then in bar til 10:45. Picked the right time,  
only minimal sprinkles in the beginning. Soon became too hot for my jacket & I  
stripped down to just my t-shirt. <sup>2</sup> 1 of the hardest lessons to live out!  
Stream of Consciousness — Invisibility, don't try and change people (family always  
does, even if unconsciously); snacks left under the tree, Dad going wrong  
way in less than 3 minutes of leading; upped white bull; Shap Abbey on the  
horizon; talkative American couple; Library break in Shap with kind lady  
talking to Dad (while I was concentrated on getting Renee's pils (wow)  
over railroad & M6 — lots of plateau and limestone  
Vast vistas and boggy peat, rabbits and a few sheep  
hot sun beating down, Postcast Draft Olympics,<sup>1</sup>  
Robin Hood's grave, short cut to Orton through fields w/  
lots of ~~step~~ stile. 5pm arrival — just bought  
some chocolates at famous store for £4.30. Same  
glamour owners (w/ marm). LAUNDRY!

State Draft:  
Dad: Tennessee<sup>3</sup> Garth: New York<sup>4</sup>  
Pennsylvania California  
Vermont DC  
New Jersey Oregon  
Wisconsin Nevada

3. Dad was born in Nashville  
4. I was born in Cambridge, NY  
5. I don't have this pic anymore. Wish I did.  
You know — for archival reasons. ☺

Scenes (fresh)  
while traveling are  
my fav. Sec.  
Grahamstown, SA  
in July 1996  
Bird that just  
floats in space,  
surfing the breeze  
w/o moving forward or  
back

20 years ago,  
to the month,  
of this trip!

memorable for having first seen it in a library  
in Shap over a very slow Wifi connection. Five  
nights later, with my own room in Richmond, we  
finally talked. More on that later.

1 This was a joyous  
listening experience high on  
the limestone plateau —  
replete with all their normal  
cilliness.

2/ Dad's favorite lyric from this  
'Nature gives us changing shapes  
Clouds and waves and flame  
But human expectation  
Is that love remains the same  
And when it doesn't  
We point our fingers  
And blame, blame, blame'

3 In the months leading up to  
the trip I was emailing & talking  
to a woman named Renee in NE.  
We'd have phone sex from time to  
time & were planning to meet  
up in Monticello over Labor Day.  
That never happened (for all of the  
normal uninteresting reasons) but  
during my time in the UK, on this  
day in fact, she'd sent me a  
naked photo on Viber. It was one  
of the sexiest I've ever received  
(& I've gotten many) made more



"So scared of getting older  
I'm only good at being young  
So I play the numbers game  
To find a way to say that life  
has just begun

Had a talk with my old man  
Said, 'Help me understand'  
He said, 'Turn sixty-eight  
You'll re-negotiate'

'Don't stop this train  
Don't for a minute change the  
place you're in  
And don't think I couldn't ever  
understand  
I tried my hand  
John, honestly, we'll never stop this train'

- John Mayer "Stop This Train"

Happy 58<sup>th</sup>,  
Aaron

**JULY 21** 2016



A reflective moment on the train-ride of life,  
age 71y & 1m, high on the Cumberland plateau

Orton to Kirkby Stephen  
(the 2nd "k" is silent)

As I write these reflections,  
8 years after the fact, I am 50  
years old. I feel older now -  
definitely middle aged - in a  
way I didn't in 2016. Back then,  
I wasn't wearing glasses. I wasn't  
married. I wasn't on BP meds.  
Dad was definitely old already,  
and though fit for his age, he was  
but a shadow of his 30 year old self  
physically. The train had left that  
station & the vista out the  
window were different now. I'm still  
17 years away from '68', but I feel  
like I've already prepared to renegotiate.  
As long as I can still walk, laugh & love, I'll  
be okay.

hat tip to the movie Planes, Trains & Automobiles.  
"How do they know where we're going?"

Next to Richmond,  
Kirkby Stephen was the  
2nd largest town we  
spent the night in... &  
it wasn't that big.  
Population ~1,500.

Sadly, my fingernail  
biting has gotten even a  
little worse in the succeeding  
8 years.

**Yw** 7am Slept well, normal morning. Thursday, July 21 "You're going the wrong way, Girth"

Breakfast: Eggs, smoked salmon & toast  
w/ Gaudi, Barbara and Angela Landsburg couple

bought card chat w/ ladies at visitor center

**Kirkby Stephen**

toothpaste, deodorant, shaving cream, blister treatment

First break near a reservoir. G&B already coming from slightly wrong way. HOR Pod.

They go wrong way and we step stile it over into Seveals Archeology dig area (Rabbit Givres) and down deep valley of abandoned railline across a bridge then back up to secluded lunch spot next to Givres of trees.

Last hour around the hill listening to Remnick/Longform while coming down into valley, through tunnel and around back into Kirkby Stephen at 2:45. Jolly Farmer - jolly nice room (Joan checked us in)

Local couple by ATM who'd be up 9 standards & back today.

Look up

Mango Indian Food Aussie MT

Mad About Mountains

walk the church (Norman/Saxon fragments) before Norman Invasion

teenagers mucking around by market square

fast wifi

1. There are probably 5 podcast episodes from this trip that I can remember exactly where I was walking when I listened. This is one.

**BREAKING NEWS 2024**  
7 Dept of Coincidences  
At 1:45pm on 7/21/24,  
8 years from when I was listening to Remnick, Joe Biden released a letter saying he would be removing his name from consideration to be the Dem nominee for President! Two weeks ago, Remnick wrote a piece urging this very thing.

When I came back from exploring the town that afternoon, I found Dad happily have a spot of tea & some biscuits with Joan (& possibly some others). He seemed to like Kirkby Stephen as a change of pace to the remote places we'd been staying in.

7/21/24



**JULY 22**  
2016

Happy 69th Bday, Mom

Looking closely at a current map of the Yorkshire Dales National Park, I realize we only skirted the northern edges in our 4½ days within its ever-changing boundaries. I hope life brings me back there someday. Come to think of it, we did drive through more of the south in our rental from Darlington to Kendal, listening to Dvorak, & it was glorious (cont night)



The Western Edge of The Yorkshire Dales from Kirkby Stephen headed to Keld.

(cont.) There is a scene in The Trip in the cemetery outside Bolton Priory that I would like to recreate someday — where Rob Brydon recites Wordsworth's poem from the first decade of the 1800s. Heh — an idea just occurred: a circumambulation of the entire Yorkshire Dales.

"from bolton's old monastic tower the bells ring loud with glad some power the sun shines bright; the fields are gay with people in their best array..."  
— William Wordsworth

Irish sea

**THE HALFWAY POINT**

→ Keld

→ North Sea

Yw 7am @ Jolly Farmers Friday, July 22

Mom's B-Day AKA Frith  
"Just one last hill... gulp"

arrived Keld just before 5pm  
Perfect duration.

8:45 departure → PO ... up past Quarry

Lots of people on trail — looks back at KS —

post w/ Boar pie — bird with gorgeous yellow coloring on wings — grouse in peat — green route along stone wall

What do we really know? Break looking out over ravine — over limestone pavement

to road — the back off track up stream with tight edges — meet Red Route then kids

lunch looking down to Ravenscote — 40min then, tea (Dad) and scone (me) then

hour along the hill before down across stream and up steep hillside to Pennine

Community Dinner (young/assess/English couple) staying still in wind

Ken Harrison WR 12.20 100mH! (Her reax ✓)

way with stream on valley to

FRITH LODGE

Not much. We guess wrong more often than we guess right about the future.

This was the only B&B that did an intentional all-guest communal dinner... I liked it!

I relistened to this podcast 8 years on & had forgotten everything except this point which has always stayed with me.

→ This was a lovely aft break at a working farm in the Yorkshire Dales with kids & pets running around.

I remember this vividly, too, for some reason. It didn't register w/ her at first that her time was a WR. When it did, her face lit up with pure joy & surprise. The WR is now 12.12 (set in 2022)

7/22/24



Even on a rest day, I can't not walk.  
 The Pennine Way to Tan Hill Pub offered  
 a perfect out & back solo hike so that I  
 wasn't sitting around the Frith Lodge feeling  
 restless. In the summer  
 these hills have a charm  
 to them, but I can imagine  
 on short, wet winter days  
 it can feel like BLEAK  
 HOUSE.

# JULY 23

2016

## KELD


This past Sunday, 7/23/24, on my  
 weekly sunrise walk at Haverford, the  
 Pinetum meadow was alive with male  
 Goldfinch, resplendent in Yellow & Black and  
 delicately perching on high  
 grasses before flying off  
 again.

what else? Cider!  
 Ever since that  
 beautifully lonesome  
 walk along the Pennine Way  
 to Tan Hill, I've loved the  
 phrasing of that saying —  
 "the highest pub in England"

photos of this late  
 afternoon stroll attest to  
 how beautiful the light was,  
 highlighting the fields that  
 lined the hills & valleys.  
 This was my second Dvorak  
 listen (after Dent Hill) & it  
 always matches the occasion.  
 All this was a new world  
 to me, having never visited  
 Northern England before.

7am

Breakfast w/ Bakes,  
 (cinnamon/celery) and  
 Spiced Up Apple.  
 (w/ a little  
 backshot)



day drinking by  
 wind fire  
 Deborah Gory

Saturday, July 23


- REST DAY

☀️ Sunrise Day from Frith Lodge  
 White Swallow type bird with  
 black wings — smaller grouse/long  
 tailed bird brownish black

Up Tan Hill — Simmons, Sal, Jacko  
 to Tan Hill Inn Etc. 1732 ft  
 (highest pub in England) — sitting out  
 on stone rocks behind looking due North  
 Walk back Gladwell Rookery & Stanford  
 Dad sitting against barn looking out onto field  
 (see next page)

While people were scared of black people  
 had done bad things to them." [profound in its simplicity]


11AM-4:30 London Anniversary Garry Day 2  
 Ma Sarah was 5th sat 3. SA F-P loses 100m by a lot

☀️ 2nd walk 5-6pm South to Keld looked above farm. Sun  
 streaming through —  Symphony f/a New World George 1965

Dinner Canadians (talker + Leo Mu) from Ottawa. Woman from Germany  
 who kept looking at me. Two women (New + 1st woman) and what  
 I believe was an English couple who went upstairs early on.

7/22/16 Goldfinch


• outside Kirby  
 Stephen



carduelis  
 carduelis

frames of a scene  
 around small  
 trees  
 the way of  
 which culture  
 the time period  
 in which

"At the end of the end  
 Of this beautiful dream we're in  
 I'll wake up again  
 A robin or a wren [a goldfinch or a ram]  
 And then I'll sit by  
 Outside your window  
 I'll sing a song you'll recognize  
 And you won't know why  
 You won't know why" — Jeff Tweedy  
 "Robin or Wren"



Not too shabby of a  
 pencil sketch. I can tell this  
 was an off day walking, so  
 I had more time.

- our own small lives
- the ecosystem of whole  
 cultures
- the time period we live in

I've always been fascinated  
 by how much we are  
 products of our own time.  
 I'd be very different and  
 wholeheartedly believe  
 different things if I'd have  
 been born in 1804, or 1915,  
 or 1945 (the three years of  
 my dad, grandpop & his father)  
 How can it not be? We are  
deeply branded by the  
 culture(s) we are raised in.

with a tiny  
 songwriting assist  
 from George Saunders

A title for a short story of this walk could be "Of Sheep & Stone Walls"





*An old man dreaming dreams (2016)*

Dear James,

My mom forwarded me your written reflection — "Old Man Dreaming Dreams." It captured an aspect of my dad so perfectly and it brought a photo I had taken of him instantly to mind. I'm enclosing a copy, made into a magnet, so that you can put it somewhere and have it remind you of him and the power of dreams.

October 25, 2018

Here is the context of this photo. We were in Keld, a not-even-quite-a-village, deep in the Yorkshire Dales, in July of 2016. We were at the exact midpoint of our walk from the Irish Sea to the North Sea and had taken a rest day — more for his benefit than mine. I'd set off for a solo mid-day walk, leaving him at the Bed & Breakfast. But when I eventually came back toward the B&B I spotted him from quite far away, sitting peacefully up against this ancient stone building. He was just thinking. Dreaming. Gazing out into the vast beyond.

Who knows what he was dreaming about at the moment I took this picture — it could have very well been his plans for First Place. Maybe it was something else. But whatever it was it was powered by his ever-present curiosity about life, something your words captured perfectly.

As you know, my dad and I didn't share an identical ideology. But if the definition of ideology could be stretched to encompass the widest sense of how we try to live in the world and treat other people, then I

would certainly call myself a disciple of Sturge & Joanne and not just their son. If I was forced to preach, to be Paul at Pentecost, the text would be one of the litany of times I saw my dad go out of his way to help someone. So, so many times in my life that someone was me.

The story I told at the memorial service was a bit like a parable, a corollary of The Prodigal Son. In mine there was no anxiety that my father might not take me back in. What's more, his welcome was not contingent on reconfirming my worldview to his. He never told me my outlook was wrong. He didn't pressure me to dream his brand of dreams. I, in turn, celebrated his, because I had seen the actions they had inspired over the 45 years I was gifted to know him.

I didn't get to say it at the time — so overwhelmed as I was with the grief of the moment — but I am so grateful that you were there when he died, and for your prayer. It's what my dad would have wanted — what he had done for other families countless times. I'll always remember it as a fitting last note, conducted through you, of a life long symphony of faith.

Now, for those of us still blessed with life, we go on dreaming dreams. Young. Old. Even those of us somewhere in between.

Warmly,  
Garth Poorman.

*Letter I wrote to Rev. James Hodgson, the last minister of Ardmore Presby at the time of Dad's death (2018)*



# JULY 24

2016

Keld to Reeth...

8 years on:

7/24/24 — President Biden

spoke from the Oval Office about his "decision" to not run for another term. He chalked it up to party unity, but we all know he was pushed out. As a 81 year old, he thought he had 4 more years in his synapses. 75% of voters polled disagreed. Last incumbent who didn't run for re-election when eligible was LBJ, but he'd started at the end of JFK's term. Before that, Truman. But due to FDR dying in '45, he'd been President for 8 years anyway. This was a first of my lifetime. Now it will be Trump vs a Woman in Nov, just like it was 8 years ago in 2016!



This photo makes me smile because it so perfectly encompasses one of the walking dynamics of the trip: me always out in front, leading the way, while dad (head down) brings up the rear. He liked to walk, but I adore it. Nothing makes me happier than to be out somewhere beautiful, marching along an earthen path with only the goal of arriving in a new village by late afternoon.

This was always the case after a rest day — chomping at the bit to get out there and eat up some miles (it didn't rain btw)

I hadn't wanted to stay at the bike center, but when I'd tried other B&Bs a few months earlier they had been all booked up.

No room at the inn(s)!  
So Many Garth & Joseph

[Yw] 7am Itching to get on the road — possible rain in afternoon.  
Sunday, July 24  
Goodbye Luthbed  
New Skansen



Easy walk down the hill and over the back across from Keld — walking Cleveland couple for a while — then pass group of kids along the river — easy walk for a while — bit of drizzle — not in a "rainforest" — field but then ↑ a steep hill and along high moor farmland — lunch on a tree stump — lots of dead rabbits — Marion/Camp Marshall I got ahead of Dad quite a bit — shifted into the 2pm I just want to be there section — Dad lost me briefly in H-town — then along river, suspension bridge and on to the Reeth Green — cards @ shop then 15 min walk to Lakes Bike Center.

Tam de France w/ chaps in Lounge (Lounge w/ bike wheel)  
Walk into town for dinner @ Black Bull — sat at bar, semi-quiet bar tender steak and ale pie, dessert back at bike center after running into Ottomans on road after a contentious day of walking

American snow-up w/ Mom's tribute — sorted out, (V) Susan

↓ Dad's snoring chased me from the room 11:30-12:30 & 5:30-Tam

**TWICE!**  
This was likely the height of my annoyance with having to endure dad's snoring.

\*I didn't note it, but Dad attended church that evening at the Reeth Evangelical Congregational Church — quite a mouthful. We ate @ the Black Bull after the 4pm service.

I now wonder how much of this was Mom & how much was Amer. Airlines. But it got sorted (somehow) & she got on the flight.

I'd first experienced this in my 2009 walk to N.O. The last hour or so of an afternoon walk is not nearly as enjoyable as the morning portion.

7/24/24



# JULY 25

2016

Reeth to Richmond

I just Googled "Graham Wood Richmond" to make sure our wonderful host hadn't passed away in the intervening 8 years. Good news: he seems to still be alive & churning out small press history books. Good on him! I doubt I'll ever see him again, but he lives on in my mind as a great host.



→ Richmond Castle in the distance

## B&B Power Rankings

1. Easby Cottage (Graham)
2. Crookabeck (Patterdale)
3. Frith Lodge (Keld)

This is dad looking like I remember him in his later years, wearing his trusty WRTI radio hat (that I later gave to Marco) and about to have a week off from the demands of the trail.

"Saw mill" — LOFL  
For me to write this in my journal means that I must have been quite frustrated. The room @ the Reeth Bike Center was our most Spartan and I had the worst sleep of the trip that night. Plus, I had the worry about Mom's red-eye from Philly to Manchester on my mind. But Monday dawned sunny and Susan picked Mom up & we only had a half day's walk to the bustling market town of Richmond, so soon all the annoyances of the night before ~~were~~ forgotten. Feelings come. Feelings go. The trick is not to get over-attached & believe that a feeling is permanent.

Yw Sam → down to the lounge Monday, July 25 "The Triumphant March to the Castle."  
because of the saw mill upstairs — High Winds  
Beautiful Morning!

ANNOYED.  
Mom arrived safely & Susan scooped her up.  
Dad and I by 8:45 — first 90m on road up the big climb along the farmland. Pause @ bench in Marske — Pretty Church! — off track and up hill listening to Invisibilia — break right before wooded area — easy walk into Richmond by 12:45 (4hrs)  
Lunch @ that Scone shop (Quiche + scone) then a bit of Post Officing and 25 min walk to Easby, past the abandoned Abbey and then to the cottage to meet Graham.  
Great place — Dad & I have separate ROOMS 🎉 Hallelujah!

Chat re: Aftermath of WWI  
Crash course in English history (& religious history) with Graham around Easby Abbey. Norman invasion — Medieval churches — Henry VIII  
@ The Swiss couple @ the Abbey.  
T.I.R.E.D. — V Renée @

Some say it was just one 20th C World War that was interrupted by a decade and a half of uneasy piece in between. 1914 — 1945  
Rough way to start a century!  
he of the six wives

I was worn out bc I hadn't slept much in Reeth, but this night turned out to be the 1st of the trip where I had my own room, so I also wanted to talk to Renée & @ as I abbreviated it — meaning "get off"

7/25/24



A few hundred yards from our Bed & Breakfast was the ruins of Easby Abbey, a Premonstratensian monastery founded in the 1100s which lasted until the suppression of the Monasteries in 1536.

July 25, 2016

Almost 500 years after that, a few stones remain as a skeleton of what was. We paused here before going to meet our host Graham, a retired Head of History at a local private school. Three years later, on Armistice Day, with Dad now gone, I wrote him a letter. An excerpt is below. He replied in kind. We spent 2 nights with Graham — one on either side of our week off in Kendal. It was the only place we each got separate rooms. Hallelujah, indeed.



Nov. 11, 2019

As I get older, I come to better appreciate the almost endless layers of complexity embedded in historical events of the magnitude of World War I. This being the 101<sup>st</sup> anniversary of Armistice Day, it has what I would deem a unique chronological position in the historical canon — having recently fallen out of all 'living' memory, but recent enough that the experiences are recognizably modern. Unlike, say, Elizabethan England, or Revolutionary America — when assumptions about the world were so foundationally different — I still feel like I can grasp something of what people might have been thinking in the decade from 1914–24. Maybe I'm fooling myself. But it's fun to read, and research, and wonder. All four of my grandparents were born in that 10-year window, and all have now been dead for at least a decade. Our time on earth is so relatively brief when measured by larger tides of history. And, somehow, the lived experience of each generation — just like ours now — is that our problems are uniquely intractable and potentially catastrophic. That's the feeling in America right now, heading into 2020, and likely in the UK as well, with your own more imminent election on the horizon. Even so, life — at its granular, quotidian level — churns on. Babies are born, books are written and dedicated to dear ones, walks are planned and taken, fish n' chips are eaten, kindnesses remembered. Parents are lost. Another morning dawns, tea or coffee are poured, and we have a chance to see the world as So Beautiful or So What. I choose the former. 😊 For me, a big part of that is being grateful. So thank you for contributing to a beautiful shared experience I had with my dad. All my best to you & your family. —Garth Poorman

the end of a 2019 letter I sent to our Richmond host — Graham Berry



# REST WEEK - KENDAL

JULY 26 thru AUG 2, 2016

When I first conceived of a rest week in the middle of our walk, it wasn't for the need of physical rest as much as it was for the reality that if Dad & I were in the UK we had to make time to see our Zimbabwe family who now lived there. And, since we had to do that, why not blow

it out and have Mom fly over for that week and rent a big vacation house in the Lake District that comfortably hold all 12 of us in style? So that's what we did. In retrospect, a grand idea and one that was well executed. It turned out to be the last time Dad saw them all, although me & mom have since seen

**Thursday, July 28** "Bump & Grind" "Sun & V"

8ish R.A.I.N. HOR P  
 500 down road to R, right again. Sandy Lanes - Post Office into town over bridge, thru shopping area, check out movie theater, fish bikeaway, rain picking up again, back normal route w/ 7 min left on pod.

Dinner: Leftovers, Salad, Convo. Everyone around table. - Uno (Jimmy wins on) afterwards Big Bang, theology, exactly 500 & 12  
 Karate Kid DVD Commentary w/ Ralph, Pat, White & Director. M. Alana (Oncenta) nit knowing, end of time, morphine, assisted suicide.

Pics to iPhoto Need to: Email Julie!!! 2-32m clouds →

**Friday, July 29** "On Windermere Water"

8:30 Coffee & Computer & big table. Tina arrives @ 11am - soulstice. The 12 actually leave on time! 11:30 → Business

Group Splits @ Pic - Paul, Jimmy, Taker & me → Ambleside in Blackstock (RED) The women + Dad → Lakeside/Aquarium (Yellow)

Glorious views of lakeside homes, docks and majestic Tells rising to the North "The Ferry to Ambleside"

Small boat Ambleside - Wray Castle then CU Sports Saloon

Ferry House to Business (We win!) Walk up ATM & Coop

4:30pm reunite & drive back to B.H. Main asleep in back

P&T → Meat sun T & I → Boiling charcoal (wood smoking) need lighter fluid house

Pheasant > Wild Bear burger + steak on grill = FULL of meat

Tea sitting at table eating looking across at evening light thru the kitchen window with Tanya + Amanda in partial silhouette. Contact (trying to capture the light)

SUNSET Decision around 11pm Don't chase the light → less inside (like the last 2)

Table Tennis: I crush Dad Taker wishes Jimmy Dad crushes Taker Mom + me = 100% victory Monica, Monica, Susan + Tanya Hull FC Rugby beat Wigan (What a great game of Rugby)

**Tuesday, July 26** "The day I forgot to journal"

Dad woke me up 7:40 (but my own alarm 2:30) - Aproned Goshorn served breakfast Drive to Darlington Enterprise (fried blood sausage) - not to shabby then I navigated (2 errors) first to Pateley Bridge - then through the Yorkshire Dales Again to Kendal (Doverdale) Pateley Bridge up Old Church Road → St. Mary's Church & cemetery (found Whitley's) back down to shops and then St. Catherine's. Free jigsaw at home!

Ar Kendal (after Superstore shop) Church & cemetery (found Whitley's) back down to shops and then St. Catherine's. Free jigsaw at home!

@ 2:50ish. BIG LUNCHEON

into Kendal from B.H. w/ Paul, Jimmy, Taker. Circumnavigate the streets, stop in Last Chance pub. Two guys looking at us weird and the drunk girl. Stop at Bargain booze and J & T (big 12-ers of Bud back home before the rain.

**Wednesday, July 27** The dog walk into Kendal

early - before 6am Quiet house, good cup(s) of coffee by 6:30am

CLOUDS/SUN - beautiful weather

pic of group to Ray - He immediately suss out the subject

Drive to farm shop with M&D, M&M - Bear and Pheasant Burgers. Whom turn on way back and had to take back road

Achy cooked - Pasta, Meat, Cheese casserole for dinner. Big group discussion of Zim & US politics.

Before/After W Presidents

GEN REMIX... then CR 2 8: G&D&P until 11pm Paul, Taker, Skip! Block!

Too late + Nap 2/6 = up lab. VS Graziana, in (VA) Chrissy @ 2am "you mean coffee?"

Everyone except Paul & Jimmy slow and steady wins the race. Girls on their phones. M&M in playground. Split up at Kendal Town Hall - not back up @ 1:30 - went amazingly well. Quick walk back, long D&T in my dust rate ↑

Foot loose w/ Mom and Susan and Monica's Final Song & Dana

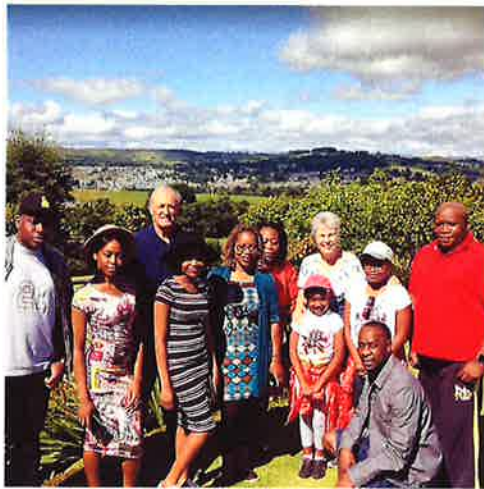
Paul & Susan since we flew them over for Dad's memorial service in Oct 2018.

Absent these journal scribbles from eight years ago, I wonder what would have remained in my memory. An esoteric collection to be sure, not notable for importance as much as things that have 'stickiness' to my particular brain: the boatride on Windermere; re-watching Footloose & Karate Kid; the energy of having Amanda & Tanya there, flush with attractiveness & youth;

Jimmy sinking that improbable half-court shot & me depositing a boomerang so deeply in the hillside weeds that it was forever lost; dad bent over the jigsaw puzzle; the men battling the grill w/o lighter fluid on a windy day. And I can close my eyes & picture the house almost perfectly.

I'm glad we took this time to be together, because we never know how much time we have left. For Dad, that was 2 years and 2 months. For the rest of the 11 of us - time still has yet to tell.





Taku, Tonya, Dad, Amanda, Ashy, Susan, Mom, Moira, Monica, Paul & Jimmy (kneeling)



Paul & Garth on Windermere



Dad & the youngsters

**You** <sup>Emils from Rowe, Ray</sup> <sup>and Aetha</sup> Monday, Aug 1  
 → Kendall w/MSD - Jill Lepore on the Conventions  
 Fish n Chips. Post Office of a jaw, and waited for November. ♦  
 walk fast back (Black/White) Arrive on Martha Nussbaun  
 RELAX @ Cabbage "We become nostalgic" in note, when we behave as the  
 "communal reader of a novel," understanding each person  
 Paul, Jimmy & I → MammaLife is a "complex narrative of human effort in a world  
 for Cand/Spence into full of character." (2017 review)  
 Anniversary Dinner @ 4:30 "It's a form of human love to accept our complicated, messy  
 - Talk about their courtship humanity and not run away from it."  
 and marriage. Good Times! eudaimonia (greek) = a complete & flourishing life  
 when did I most acutely experience my own vulnerability?  
 Finish puzzle: Paul and I First in 2004, then again in late 2006/07, then crushingly  
 put in the in May 2010. Ages 31, 33, 37  
 Final "What I am calling for, therefore, is 'a society of citizens who  
 admit that they are needy and vulnerable.'"  
 life in the country

**You** <sup>Tish</sup> <sup>& BANKING</sup> Tuesday, Aug 2 "You can go just down any"  
 (generic) looking at \$5 K+ cash) Short drive thru Kirkby Stephen and just  
 Family picnic using Tinner @ north of the Moors to Darlington  
 Paul & Ashy's family leaves 10:17am Mx26 bus → Richmond and Lunch Redux  
 Susan's family leaves around 11:20am at Not Just Some Beer  
 Dad & I shortly thereafter Library (plot shed out to Gifford's Bridge)  
 and then pick up by Graham  
 4pm Tea w/REAL english muffins & jam ✓ 7pm drive to pick up Fish &  
 Chat about athletics, sport, olympics, Monks, etc. Chips in Market  
 Dinner @ Kitchen table - Mom talks of WWI aftermath, "mate"... "love"  
 the realpolitik, self interest of nations, the reverberations  
 today, UK & American politics  
 Feeling sleepy @ 9.  
 Rence (V) @ 10-11:30  
 @ - much needed.

**You** 7:30 "It's somewhere in Carlisle" Saturday, July 30 (being done) Guy Heron  
 Finish the Day "Whiteness was once described as invisible,  
 a conspiracy that could never be brought into focus. But we  
 can now at least contemplate the possibility that white might  
 become a color like all the rest. This is what it would mean to enter  
 into history, rather than simply lending it to your will. ♦  
 GIRLS → CINEMA GUYS → BEAL & BOOMERANG (R.I.P. words)  
 NANDO'S • 1/2 court shot Jimmy  
 CARLISLE • Garth - HORSE champion  
 (MUM) (MAY) • Then I deposited in the hot water  
 (DGS) (DGS) • play n/a, chips, tall grass - long search called off  
 to go TO K. FANTA (45-60min)  
 quagmire about along M6 in the parking light  
 @TV as the sun gets again ✓  
 Sleep early/Wake up Taku among 2:30-  
 Catch on sitting man texting Niki  
 Decide to stay awake when it gets light @ 4:45

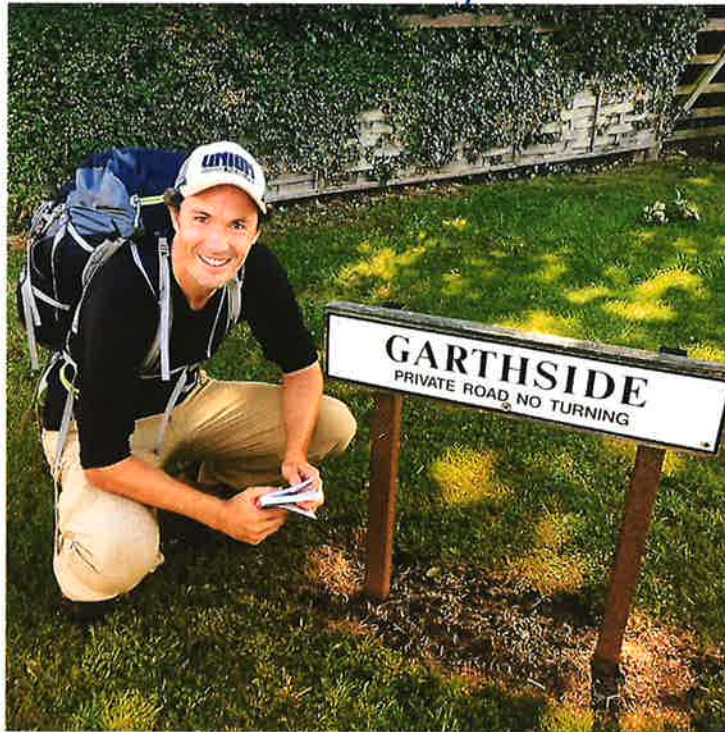
Up at dawn/Coffee, NY in Sunday, July 31 "Goodbye July" (being done) Guy Heron  
 quiet house. Read Ziahe on Brexit House makes mobilizes for church - (being done) Guy Heron  
 On a Feltie - AR - Tduting binge (Oh Jeezus) Footpath to town (HOK and B/L floor)  
 1:15-3:15 Mod needed NAPPAGE Highgate - Bridge - Morrisons -  
 Beat Dad @ Ping Pong 21-6, 21-8 (?)  
 Miall Ferguson, aka Top Ridge Civilization 2010 Life O'Party  
 "The Duke is mad productive" (Jan 2012) (Paul's) history, Strong Quail on C. (DQ 30)  
 At the most world, that is, at the not spring, on anything more than a field's - not  
 to I am every dead thing. When in war civilization does necessary material reality of  
 to whom love waste our alchemy. life full to require a greater human fulfillment?  
 A particular every four rollings, loss of all passion and lean emptiness: - A long 2017 NY as Carter Santanya (complicated)  
 to mind me, and I am re-begot what is non-human of not consciousness or physical  
 of disease, darkness, death - things as we are not. characteristics



# AUG 3

2016

Richmond to Danby Wiske



I am, fittingly, on the left hand side — smiling because we are back to the walk, with seven straight walking days to Robin Hood's Bay.

While we traversed two days of fairly level farmland between the Yorkshire Dales & the North Yorkshire Moors, we bumped into a succession of Garths. Here, in this photo, and then the following night in Ingleby Arncliffe, where our host was Mrs. Garthwaite. "Garth", I take it, used to mean a walled garden or something of that sort. Not the worst thing to be named after.

"I hear the drizzle of the rain  
Like a memory it falls  
Soft and warm continuing  
Tapping on my roof and walls  
And from the shelter of my mind  
Through the window of my eyes  
I gaze beyond the rain-drenched streets  
To England where my ♥ lies"

— Simon & Garfunkel  
"Kathy's Song"

When I noticed that the second upstairs room wasn't occupied for the night, I got to thinking, and after Frank & Doreen went to bed I sprang into action. It was one of the most preternaturally calm nights of my month — away from dad's snoring, hearing a steady rain on the metal roof, far away from normal life, and listening to reflective music on my iPhone.

\*I have the latter ~~more~~ former much more than the latter

Yw! Fish  
Graham breakfast & out by 9 taking short cut  
post shower: down in common room and I can hear dad's snoring waking the dead upstairs after a "I'm not tired."  
Hm Do I want what I have?  
(a multi-variant life, full of time & exploration w/o the worries of not having food/shelter)  
Or — like many Americans — am I unable to will away their nagging discontent that life could be better (that Train they hear, from a distance).  
Jay McInerney's central Q: Can happiness (joy?) survive the batterings of our restlessness and ambition?  
Dinner: Local Sausages & Mash + 1/2 sticky toffee sponge cake (pudding)  
Slip into empty room @ 9:30/10 after Frank & Doreen asleep, listen to music → 11  
Hear songs: And So it Goes & Still Crazy  
Ha! Dad listened to entire Axelrod int. w/ Paul Simon thinking it was conflict  
cbb 5068fa9 Bridge Troubled Water  
Rain drops pelt my roof  
preternatural sense of calm & comfort  
Glasgow

→ I don't know why this tickled me so much. I've always been good at discerning voices, so I expect others to be too. But Axelrod & Gladwell sound nothing alike!

The innate "life could be better" whisper that humans are prone to is an insidious sapper of joy. As Paul Simon sings, it's woven indelibly into our hearts and our brains. (But can be quieted a bit, with practice)

→ Kathy's Song (above)

8/3/24



# AUG 4

2016



Fields of Gold on the way to Ingelby Cross

"You'll remember me when the west wind moves

Upon the fields of barley

You'll forget the sun in his jealous sky

As we walk in fields of gold "

- Sting "Fields of Gold"

I'll have more to say about Gordon Sumner - aka Sting - and his majestic lyrics when we reach the North Sea, but I just point out that where these fields of gold lay are a mere 40 miles due south (as the crow flies) from where he was born in Newcastle in 1951. That makes him six years younger than Dad.

In memory, these Wednesday & Thursday walks blend into one - mostly flat & through farmland, making our way to what would be two days up on the N. Yorkshire Moors. After our "second start" from Richmond, we were feeling like old hands, no doubt.

Aaron & I both did our share of this. Dad was tempted (1994) but didn't.

I do have one crystal clear memory of Ingleby Cross - a cricket pitch just to the right of the pub where a Thursday evening match was taking place while we ate dinner. Shades of Zimbabwe. I never took to cricket, or even understood it. I had totally forgotten Dad was dealing with a bit of a shin splint. The next day, Friday, could be a much more challenging walk with separate up & downs.

Yw 6:30 Good night's rest

Sunlight through lounge  
everytime we see something beautiful we want to capture it. But I can feel a churning throat that - to simply notice and praise, and let it go the way of everything: Impermanence.



slow walk out of Danby Wike - fields of poppy/beans - past lots of farms  
2 HOR  
selfie



Thursday, Aug 4 Hug from Doreen @ departure

- Nussbaum on BoJack (2017-holyshit that is an insightful quote)  
"That's what addiction is... how ashamed of who he is, attempts to be creative or feel love - and then inevitably binges, betrays a loved one, and runs away, realizing that it's impossible to truly repair the damage"

Pub @ 3 Heineken (Amstel Glass)

Dad's shin splint (L)

break 1 at entrance to farm driveway - break two under power wires - break 3 at car service area just off A19. Arrive @ Ingleby at 1:15 or so. Nice little 2 room place w/ FAST internet. Shower and computer. An odd sense of calm descending w/ 5 days left. Enjoy the moment. No moment will ever be exactly like this one again

BBC Aretha (Military) + Diette (NE)

I don't know why I randomly wrote these two names down - both women I casually dated/slept with in my NYC years. Diette was (well, is) QUITE the whirling dervish of energy.

8/4/24



# AUG 5

2016

First Day in the North Yorkshire Moors



We had great weather for both of our days in the North Yorkshire Moors. The traditional Coast to Coast path has three days of moor walking, but I improvised & walked the Esk River valley to make our path a little easier. But this first day in the Moors was one of our longest and most satisfying. Hewing along the northern edge, we had wonderful views looking out toward Middlesbrough & the North Sea in the far distance. The photo on the right above was taken by Gloria, a woman we met on the path and later sent to me. I love a candid, and it captures something ineffable about each of our roles on this journey. Me always planning & looking to the trail ahead. Dad just along for the walk & looking for me to take the lead — an inversion of the father-son relationship for most of the 45 years we shared together on this earth. ♥

The two dying sheep bookend the walk in my memory.

**Yw 6am** NO SHOWER — some instant coffee & on computer in bed.  
**Forget** to turn inkey again  
 Sad!

**Friday, Aug 5** "The day of 5 ascents" (when I thought there was 4)  
 -7:30 breakfast w/ Aussie Couple. Topics: Sport, refugees  
 Out the door 8:20am and headed up hill.

**Wind up** first hill to Telecom Towers  
 Lowe/McCallum pod, slivers cleaning; first break on wet mental bench — next ascent past farm: Valerie Plume. Across road past Cafe up 2nd Ascent to Falconer seat Lunch looking North across valley to Middlesbrough 2 more ups & quick descents — past up past Wainstones

**GLORIA & MELODY** on the trail and to the Buck Inn w/ us.

**Game Casserole** ✓  
 Belgian Waffle + Toffee sauce. At 22-8:30 to Midnight  
 Mid-Jam Watch → Opening Ceremony  
 2:00-6:45am 22 Andy Murray one hand carry

**"Gloria Candid"**  
 ③ Lunch ② Buck Inn → pick up at car park  
 He had arrived there in the depths of despair, but was leaving now wordless with joy!  
 SEND TO NIKKI

**History Dance Marks?**  
 (Burundi) Diane Nukuri

**Shelly-Ann** made it to the Paris Olympics, 8 yrs on, but was a DNS in the 100m final. Time = Undefeated.

This was the night I woke up in the middle of the night to watch some of the 2016 Opening Ceremonies in Rio. 8 years later, I didn't watch the Paris Opening Ceremonies live. For one, it was pouring in Paris. Two, it wasn't in a stadium. And three, unlike sports, I knew I could enjoy watching parts after the fact. So the next day I saw Celine Dion singing atop the Eiffel Tower: Magnifique!

8/5/24



Chop Gate

AUG 6 2016



Yw 6:30am Breakfast 7:30 "Americano"  
 Saturday, Aug 6 The Lion Inn/Gate/Head  
 Clay Bank Top - Blakey Ridge  
 do off at 8:37 - ascent first thing then just moor walks on wide path  
 along LONG RIDGE - hand stone, face stone, red grouse, Merlin(?) still in air, hunting prey  
 Fast walk from Lion Inn to Millennium stone (50mins) to meet David. Drove down to pick-up Dad.  
 Dinner @ Fox & Hound  
 - Chicken breast w/ sauce, cream sauce, sticky toffee 1/2  
 picnic table (ciders)  
 Walk back @ twilight then GARDEN tour by Jean. Extroverted! cat killed baby bird  
 Tea & biscuits and I-sided kitchen convo.  
 Lord Dunsire/Henry VIII 6th wife  
 "Polo!"



CAPTION CONTEST:  
 "I'm not what I used to be"  
 "When did this island get here?"  
 "That's for Sea World."  
 "What's in the Plankton these days?"



Dad, starting our 2nd day on the North Yorkshire Moors  
 Chop Gate to Little Fryup

As it turned out, this was our last march in the "places in between" as I think of them - the remote fells and dales and moors which are untouched by human habitation. We had about 8 days of our walk in those between places, and they were my favorites. I'm not sure about Dad, he seemed to like the villages & towns. But I remember him quite relaxed here on the moors, with views off to our left of cities and farms below us, stretching off to the North Sea. At lunch we stopped at the Lion Inn on Blackley Ridge, which was humming with activity on a Saturday. Afterward, Dad laid on a picnic bench seat and relaxed with his hat over his face. That hat now belongs to his grandson Marco, who lives 5,300 miles (or the crow flies) from that English Pub. I still have Dad's hiking boots from this trip. Someday I'll have to part with them, but not today.

Our destination was in a little valley just off the moors → Little Fryup

8/6/24



# AUG 7

2016

Fryup to Egton Bridge



Notes on walk (Est Valley) Sunday, Aug 7 "The wind picks up"

1. After car park turn L along bridleway and → to Underpark Farm  
2. Bear R then L, keeping bdy on left  
Through gate into field. Along mixed bank  
3. Climb up to handgate & cross wooden bridge next to railway. At end of path turn R down the track  
4. Cross river by bridge, follow track ↑ slope  
At road go straight.  
5. Take footpath on L b/w houses. Walk over horse lawn to field gate, then bear R over field to stile & the gate. Follow path around hill to next gate (over and rail to L). Carry on into woods.  
6. Cross the stile in the wall (just to R of gap) Go down past Mill Wood Cottage and up long drive, through Mill Wood, to road. Turn L (down hill) & follow road to junction @ Arncliffe Arms. (then we regain Coast 2 Coast)  
Lunch @ Arncliffe (hey, there on the 4 Brits again)  
1. Tuna fish in a ... baked potato? Yes. + Strongbow Dark Fruit

7.20am Max sun & clouds, glorious in how they paint the valleys, a play of brightness and shadow  
The 10m to Leatholme along the road Dad peaks off into Westeyan Chapel for 10.30 service  
I go across stepping stones & loop around over bridge to bench.  
Music on Bench by Bridge  
- Josh Groban; Luther; Angus Scott; Man Cohn; Oliver Sander & Stiles  
"If you don't mind going without things, it's a fine life."  
Prince; Ray Charles; Norah Jones  
Rob Thomas; Gimme Shelter  
"I may never find the meaning of life, but for this moment I am fine."

thru woods N along to road down into Egton Bridge. Left @ Horsehoe over stepping stones to The Old Mill. Solo stroll later w/ Marion & Andre & the last sheep out of his "garth"  
Dinner at the UHOTEL They "squeezed us in lovely" at Table 9. I quizzed Dad about all the towns and inns and B&B's. He could not prefer The Barn House.  
on Octon Had never imprinted "Jingle by Cross" on his mind.  
I had (we both had) chicken breast w/ creamy mushroom sauce &, of course, the MVP of the trip: STICKY TOFFEE PUDDING with Ice Cream.

Rugby 7's (Te) Day playing in Leatholme stream. The confident barman @ Arncliffe  
8 yrs later, the USA women's team won Bronze with a "walk off" full field try with time expiring.

perfect example of something that - 8 yrs on - I don't have any memory of. I don't remember this as a windy day, but it must have been.  
Not quite a 2016 version of Wordsworth, but whaddy'a gonna do?  
Still the only time I've ever had this

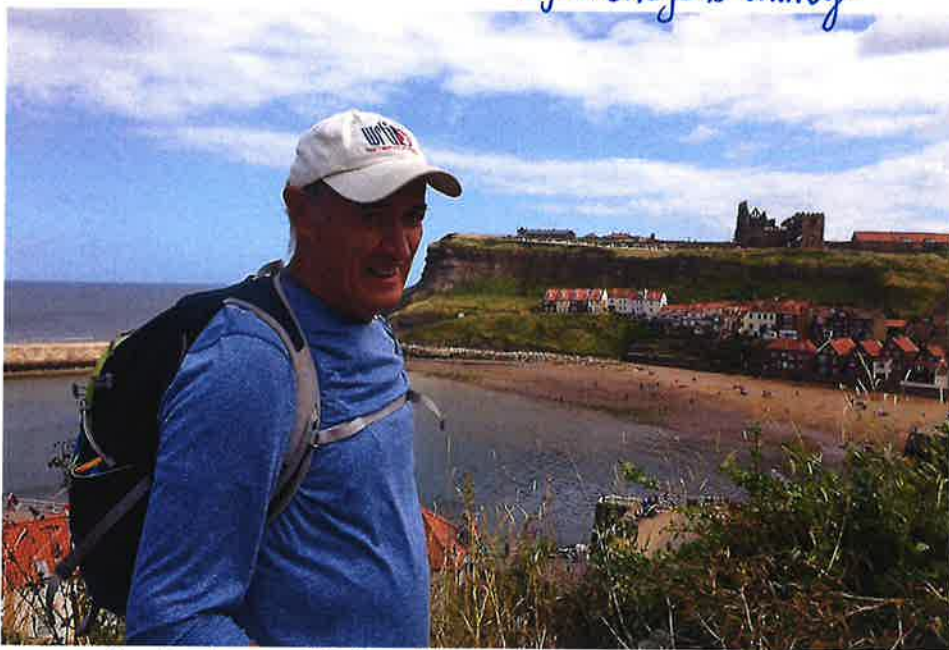
8 years on: Sunday mornings are now my absolute favorite part of the week - I walk early at Haverford College with music in my ears, the campus largely my own. How ironic, given that as a kid Sunday AMs were never my own.  
I've since listened to this song on trips to DC & it's a pretty good philosophical statement, for what it's worth (esp when sung by Georgia Brown)  
Rob Thomas, underrated song writer?  
This song doesn't remind me of England, though, but rather Turks & Caicos. I listened to it my first day there w/ Endel while running on the beach. Bliss! (though I did develop mild shin splints from sand running)  
it had only been 18 days since we'd been there. I wonder what it was about that night/village that made it the only one not to imprint.  
"Now John at the bar is a friend of mine He gets me my drinks for free And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke But there's someplace that he'd rather be...."

8/7/24



AUG 8  
2016

Egton Bridge to Whitby



Whitby Harbour, with the ruins of the Abbey (b. 657 AD) in the distance

I had to include the entire lyrics to All This Time, as it's talking about fathers and cities on the edge of fear (Newcastle, just north of Whitby) ... not to mention priests and 'poor men' and theology. It's close to a perfect song, just like one of Sting's personal favorites: 'America' by Paul Simon. Luckily, in my mind's ear, I can still hear my Dad laughing, but for me I'm in my teens, he in his 40s, and he's just read a very funny 'Ernie' in the comics section. All this Time ... & memory remains.

(Y) I am Breakfast w/ married under at 8. On thread by 8:55 Monday, Aug 8 "What on all these people doing here" aka Whitby is a tourist magnet.

Day 2 of Esk River Valley Walk

Follow the Salmon @ Turn Haul 1

Multiple Train track (DID)

crossings. On rushing cars that gave us pause. Steam Trains

The remains of Whitby Abbey in the distance. An easy 4 hours.

Paul T. Anderson shot a scene for Phantom Thread here.

↑ Dinner @ little alcove of Victorian

Hotel: Pulled Pork & chips [Woman complaining vociferously to restaurant mgr]

(Va) Asha (Mali) promising ... we will see. Make sure she gets something out of it. Lot Night when Dad 2<sup>nd</sup> before me! @ Rugby 7 Final: Aus > NZ "Respect"

Mini Fish & Chips £4.45

↑ Khyber Pass to Captain Cook Statue. Almost

Lost my hat:

Max x93 to

Robin Hood

Bay (Hey, there and the Brits!)



Mc duck-fering w/ the North Sea

vociferously to restaurant mgr

I looked out across the river today  
Saw a city in the fog  
And an old church tower where the  
seagulls play  
Saw the sad shire horses walking home  
In the sodium light  
Two priests on a ferry  
October geese on a cold winter's night

All this time  
The river flowed  
Endlessly to the sea

Two priests came 'round our house  
tonight  
One young, one old  
To offer prayers for the dying, to serve the  
final rites  
One to learn, one to teach  
Which way the cold wind blows  
And fussing and flapping  
In priestly black like a murder of crows

All this time  
The river flowed  
Endlessly to the sea

If I had my way  
I'd take a boat from the river  
And I'd bury the old man  
I'd bury him at sea

Blessed are the poor  
For they shall inherit the earth  
Better to be poor  
Than be a fat man in the eye of a needle  
As these words were spoken, I swear  
I hear the old man laughing  
What good is a used up world  
And how could it be worth having?

All this time  
The river flowed  
Endlessly like a silent tear

All this time  
The river flowed  
Father, if Jesus exists  
Then how come He never lives here?

Teachers told us the Romans built this  
place  
They built a wall and a temple  
And an edge of the empire garrison town  
They lived and they died  
They prayed to their gods  
But the stone gods did not make a sound  
And their empire crumbled till all that was  
left  
Were the stones the workmen found

All this time  
The river flowed  
In the falling light  
Of a northern sun

If I had my way  
I'd take a boat from the river  
Men go crazy in congregations  
They only get better one by one (all this  
time)  
One by one  
One by one, by one  
One by one

- All This Time, by Sting

✓ The first episode of Desert Island Discs I ever heard. I've gone on to be a huge fan, combing its archives for interesting interviews going back over more than 50 years. Sadly, neither Sting or Paul Simon have ever been "cartaways" — but Alfred Wainwright was, back in the late 1980s. Google it!

8/8/24



Whitby to Robin Hood's Bay



"And I've come to know the wishlist  
of my father  
I've come to know the shipwrecks  
where he wished  
I've come to wish aloud  
Among the over-dressed crowd  
Come to witness <sup>now</sup> the sinking of the  
ship  
Throwing pennies from the sea-top  
next to it..."

-Joe Pug, Hymn #101

**AUG 9, 2016**

I love the above photo. It represents Dad on the last part of his trail of life, with the Lighthouse symbolizing Heaven & the dark clouds and blue sky as the Light & Shadow that makes up all of our personalities in the Jungian sense.

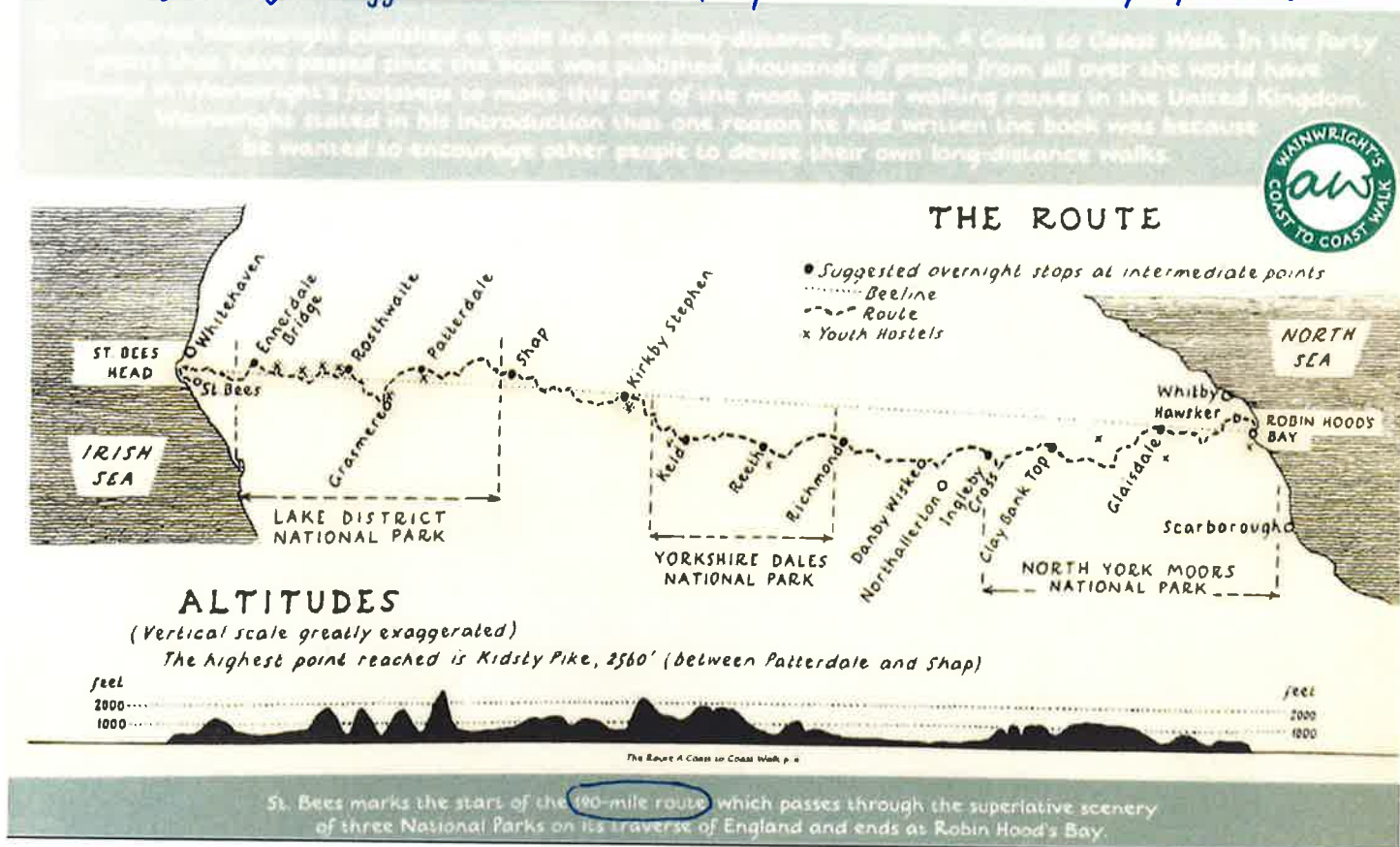
I don't know for certain the 'shipwrecks where my father wished', but I have a pretty good intuition what they were. The apple didn't fall far from the tree. As my in-real-time summary of that morning's walk attests, I was able to return somewhat to the relaxed feeling of Presence and Patience I had on that first day walking up the path from St. Bee's beach. At the water's edge, we were able to gaze out East into the North Sea and feel a sense of completion. Coast to Coast, bee-yatch! I'll never forget it.



The Finish Line ... Robin Hood's Bay  
The North Sea



Wainwright's original suggested route. We hewed pretty close but went our own way a few times



The journey came to an end on Aug 9th with our dinner down by the lapping waters of the North Sea. But I've included the journal from the next day, Aug 10, when we travelled back down to London to prepare for our flight back on the 11th. Nothing major happened, but my impatience and general

\*Written 2 days past

Tuesday, Aug 9 "Last day on the trail"

→ Whitby 9:28am Up the 199 to Whitby Abby and overlook of the bay. ✓ views. Everything felt slower, more intentional. I was a little bit more [IEM] In the Moment knowing this was a final walk. The sea is always awe-inspiring. It's really one big body of water, but we artificially divide it and give it names - just as we divide humans into male/female or the identity/that identity. Amazingly, the East was far north of Germany, just below Danish border. Dad & I divide after 1hr. I listen to HOR Olympic preview w/ AtoB. I take in the cliffs, the birds, the waves, the lighthouse, the salt air, the dark gray clouds losing their chalky imprint over the sea. D & I reconnected just in view of RHB. Arrived on the streets ~12:30 and walked final descent to the sea. Lunch of Ham & Cheese Cakes in tiny coffee shop. Bit of sun in the afternoon. I walked toward YHA Boogie till then back along beach at lower tide. Saw Melbourne couple just finishing and said goodbye. Dinner @ Bay Hotel. Talkative Ginger duck at next table. I had lamb stew. Asleep early! 6:49pm.

(cont.) often feels most meaningful. At the end of this trip I came home & it felt like I was spinning my wheels a bit. I was working with Dr. Spencer as a caregiver, but I wanted another walking adventure. I'd find it the following March when I walked from LA to San Diego along the Pacific coastline. I wouldn't have my Dad with me, but his grandson (& my nephew) would walk the last day with me.

L'Chaim!

restlessness that it captures speaks to what one person coined "the arrival fallacy". I experienced this after my arrival in New Orleans at the end of my 2009 walk as well. Completing a trip, or a goal of any kind, isn't what brings us contentment. In fact, it can even leave us feeling a bit empty. Instead, it's the daily process of pushing toward a goal that (above)



AUG 10, 2016

Oh me! Oh life! of the questions of these recurring  
 of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities fill'd with the foolish  
 of myself forever reproaching myself  
 (for who more foolish than I,  
 and who more faithless)

Of eyes that vainly crave  
 the light, of the objects  
 mean, of the struggle  
 ever ~~renew'd~~,

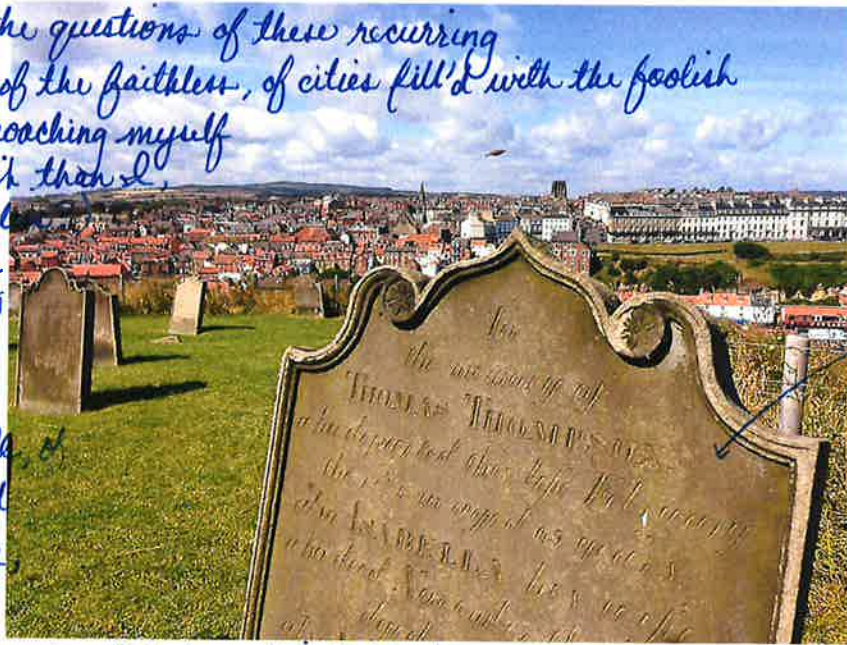
Of the poor results of all,  
 the plodding and sordid  
 crowds I see around me,

Of the empty and useless  
 years of the rest, with  
 the rest me intertwined,

The Question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good amid these, O me, O life?

Answer.

That you are here—that life exists and identity,  
 That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse.



small bird caught in flight above graves to the forgotten lives  
 of 19th century Whitby residents in the Abbey cemetery.

Thomas Thompson  
 contributed his verse from  
 1755-1820

may birds be flying over  
 his gravestone now &  
 forever more, amen.

"What, you don't love me  
 anymore?

What, you're walking out  
 the door?

What, you don't like the way  
 I chew?

Hey, let me tell you

You're not the woman who  
 I wed

Gimme my robe, I'm going  
 back to bed

I'm sick to death of you,  
 darling Lorraine"

— Paul Simon

"Darling Lorraine"

On the train I remember  
 listening to a podcast where RS  
 dissects his song "Darling  
 Lorraine". I thought it was NPR  
 but my research shows it was  
 a New Yorker interview with  
 his friend Paul Muldoon,  
 released in 2016 on their Radio  
 Hour

... so I self-soothed in my  
 second favorite way, with  
 food, specifically sweets.

Goodbye, Hicks, Wednesday, Aug 10 "My Darling Lorraine"  
 Donated to public good of Robin Hood's Bay, at Bus to Whitby @ 10:28  
 Kosovo Photo distraction Dad sits @ train station.  
 Boring, rainy day. I had a hard time staying  
 ITM as we rode trains, transferred, etc. on  
 our way to London. Just wanted to GET there—  
 me, so in the late afternoon. My annoyance was  
 compounded in King's Cross Station when Dad took  
 20m to go to the toilets while I was hungry &  
 wanting to be on our way. Speed down Euston  
 to Athena Hotel. It was, eh, fine. Front desk clerk  
 had fun w/ our surname. Malaysian restaurant near  
 Paddington. Remembred staying 1 night @ Paddington Hilton  
 w/ Claire in 2007. Asian woman @ restaurant shyly giving  
 me the eye. Cute in a thick way (alright in a kind of limited  
 way for an off night). The cat, the whole cat, nothing but  
 [Rd] Come As You Are the cat. Slept @ 4:45ish  
 "I don't walk around in Whitby  
 Audio clip from Gladwell of  
 Lexus crash on 125 near Chula Vista  
 [trauma]. Turned it off after.  
 Back up steps to Abbey and  
 back to train station ~45min  
 (It) The British girls next to  
 us in Virgin East returning from  
 holiday. [W4] Blond in peach tights  
 Playing all sorts of games.  
 \* Quiet dinner. Was NOT  
 feeling talkative & took  
 a solo walk after,  
 buying some wine  
 Gums then crushing  
 the bag before [Zc]

I write my journal  
 entries the next day, so  
 I'm relieved to know that  
 I pretty much immediately  
 realized I'd been a right  
 prat the afternoon before.  
 I'd been so needlessly  
 impatient with dad, probably  
 for a few reasons — fear  
 of the next day's flight,  
 hunger, the inevitable let-  
 down of a fun journey being  
 over, and a body restlessness  
 that couldn't be soothed in  
 my habitual way — wink wink ...



## EPILOGUE

I often wonder if I'll ever walk the Coast to Coast trail again. I'd like to — both to have memories of Dad with me as I trod paths old & new and also because I'm sure the experience is quite different at each stage of life. But when? When I turn 60, when g-d willing I can still attack the ridgelines that Dad & I largely avoided because of his age?

One thing is for sure, if I go to the Lake District again, I want to walk the full day from Ennerdale to Rosthwaite on the Fell line north of Ennerdale Water. I want to complete the one portion of the trip that "bested us". On that fell line, I want to pause at Innominat Tarn, just east of Haystacks Peak, and give my silent regards to Alfred Wainwright, a man who luxuriated in the signature silences of those wild places. From there I'll be able to look down (on a nice day) and catch site of YHA Black Sail, where the wind stopped us in our tracks. Then I will continue on my journey toward the next quaint village inn and the next order of Sticky Toffee Pudding.

There are other places in England and Scotland I'd like to walk, but if that doesn't happen I'll be okay with it. Coming so soon (& largely because of ~~it~~ in terms of Julia's 60k gift) after John's death, this walk was an embrace of the life we had left. One never knows how much sand is left in our hourglass. When we reached Robin Hoods Bay, flush with achievement, Dad had but 25 months of life left in the bank. Eight years later, as I write these lines, I don't know — and can't know — what my account holds. It could be a matter of months. Hypothetically, it could be 40 years. All I know is that for as long as I can I'll keep walking. And I'll keep remembering, for all of its beautiful inadequacies.